



MAGAZINE

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FRONT COVER: *The Taj Mahal,*
by B. R. Goodfellow (India Dept.).

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

S. P. CHAMBERS joined the board of I.C.I. in August 1947 and became Finance Director in the following year and a Deputy Chairman in 1952. He was head of the Finance Division of the Control Commission for Germany in 1945-47 and is a former member of the Board of Inland Revenue.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM joined the Company in 1954 after graduating from Glasgow University. He is now with Nobel Division in Glasgow in the Home Sales Control Department.

CYNTHIA PRESTON is the daughter of Mr. R. W. D. Preston, who was for many years a director of Alkali Division. She has just completed a five-year commission in the Women's Royal Air Force, and her trip to Petra was made some eighteen months ago when stationed near Fayid in the Suez Canal Zone.

How We Run I.C.I.

By S. P. Chambers

I.C.I. is the largest wholly British non-nationalised undertaking in Britain, with a turnover of over £400m. a year. Yet in spite of our size we remain flexible and enterprising. Here the senior Deputy Chairman of I.C.I. explains our system of control and reveals fresh aspects of our organisation.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago a French philosopher expressed astonishment at the smooth way the supply of food and other essentials for life in Paris went on day by day, even though nobody organised it. The milk turned up every morning, and so did the supplies of bread, meat and vegetables; but there was no central authority calculating how much milk, bread or meat would be needed for the teeming masses. Everything just happened without any city authority organising it. He went on to explain how, if every individual goes about his own business, the economic laws of demand and supply will sort things out and that there was no need for any central control organisation to do all this detailed work. He was nearly right, but not quite. There was, and always must be, a good deal of central organisation in any large town to provide the basic conditions in which people can carry on their separate jobs. Roads, railways, water supply, and the maintenance of law and order do not just come about because of some impersonal economic law: there must be a policy and some control.

I.C.I. is rather like that. The I.C.I. Main Board does not function like some mammoth electronic brain controlling in detail all the Company's manufacturing and trading operations throughout the world. But there has to be determination of policy at the centre, that is to say by the I.C.I. Board, and sufficient information, direction and control from this centre to ensure that the policy is reasonable and is carried out. With an organisation of our size, detailed control of day-to-day production and

commercial matters would cause intolerable delays and frequent bad decisions on matters much better handled by the man on the spot.

You may sometimes hear I.C.I. described in a newspaper or periodical as "gigantic" or "colossal," and a description of this kind may be followed by the general assertion that the Company is much too big, or that it is impossible for anybody to manage a concern which is so large and has such ramifications.

We are certainly very large. With sales running at over £400m. a year and with capital assets worth even more than this, I.C.I. was shown in a recent publication of the National Institute of Economic and Social Research as the largest wholly British non-nationalised undertaking in the country.

The National Coal Board and the British Transport Commission control undertakings which are much larger than ours and employ more people. But there is this difference. Each nationalised undertaking has been given a specific job to do, such as to mine coal or to transport people and goods, and apart from some minor activities associated with their main tasks they do nothing else. Indeed, they are not allowed to do anything else. Their control boards do not have to decide to undertake new lines of production or to manufacture in overseas territories, or to discontinue some manufacture altogether.

In I.C.I., on the other hand, we make thousands of different products, not only in Britain but in many other countries, and decisions have to be taken to manufacture entirely new products, to extend the manufacture of existing products, and, less frequently,

to abandon the manufacture of some products which we have made for many years. We have to decide whether new factories are to be put up in other countries, such as India or Canada, or whether we can extend our plants in Britain to supply these markets. These matters involve not only technical and commercial questions, but also difficult political questions of a national or international character.

A look at a chart of I.C.I.'s organisation, starting from the Main Board with its centralised departments in London and going through the thirteen Division boards throughout the country—each with its own organisation—and the hundred subsidiary companies both here and overseas, might at first sight appear to support the contention that I.C.I. is too large to be managed properly and efficiently. How do we in fact try to run I.C.I.?

The Place for Decisions

There is a general principle lying at the base of our whole organisation. It is that no decisions should be made centrally, i.e. at Imperial Chemical House in London, if, generally speaking, the decision could be taken just as well, or better, further down the line.

In all large organisations there tends to be something of a struggle between the man on the spot who thinks he knows best and the man at headquarters who thinks he knows better. In practice, however, the decisions which should be taken by the Main Board, those which should be settled by the Division board or by the board of a subsidiary company overseas, and those which should be dealt with still nearer the point of manufacture or trade tend to sort themselves out. For some matters precise rules are necessary to prevent misunderstanding and to maintain control of policy at headquarters.

Capital Expenditure

For example, if something goes wrong at a works, the operative or the chargehand or the foreman will do his best to put it right; if it beats them, the plant manager and technical experts have to get busy. Unless production is seriously affected, the Division board and the I.C.I. Main Board neither butt in nor want to know any of the details; but if there is something seriously wrong with the design of the plant or if the management of the plant turns out to be inefficient, the Division board will have to go into the matter very carefully. Again, if it is found to be impossible to sell the products of a plant either

because the quality is not right or because some other firm is able to make the product more cheaply, a decision may have to be taken to shut down the plant altogether; that is a matter which the Division board and the I.C.I. Main Board must hear about.

The responsibility of the I.C.I. Main Board is to determine and to direct the Company's policy; it is not to manage everything in detail. Wise decisions to go ahead with heavy capital expenditure to put up new plants for new products or to increase or improve the production capacity for existing products may make all the difference between a steady and growing demand for workers of all kinds and a declining business which is losing the battle against foreign competition. These matters of general direction must be kept in the hands of the Main Board, which remains responsible for seeing that the finance is available for the capital expenditure needed to carry out these decisions.

A Case in Point

In some matters several different parts of the Company's organisation are affected, and a final decision can only be taken by the Main Board. For example, the decision to manufacture industrial explosives in India in partnership with the Government of India affects the Nobel Division, which will have to supply all the technical know-how and which will lose for British production a long-established and valuable market. It affects I.C.I. (India), who have to control the new organisation in India and conduct negotiations with the Indian Government. It concerns also the Treasurer's Department in London, where the question of finding the finance for this capital expenditure must be studied and where also such matters as getting the appropriate capital issues and exchange control consents have to be handled. Nobody who realises the ramifications of a matter of this kind would argue that the decision should be made by somebody in the Nobel Division or by somebody in India. This is just one illustration of one kind of decision which must be made by the I.C.I. Main Board.

Price Policy

These decisions on large items of capital expenditure both at home and overseas go a long way in determining the Company's policy in the development of the manufacture and sale of its wide and growing range of chemicals, fibres, paints, plastics and non-ferrous metals.

Finding the money to finance this expenditure involves other decisions which can be made only by the I.C.I. Main Board. Some of this money is provided by the depreciation provisions and general reserves set aside each year out of profits, and some is found by asking stockholders or the general public to invest their savings in the Company. Stockholders are not likely to be willing to put more of their savings into I.C.I. shares if the Company does not make adequate profits and pay reasonable dividends. There are therefore important links between the Company's dividend policy and its policy on capital development.

Adequate profits cannot be made unless the products are made efficiently and economically and are sold at prices which are low enough to beat competition but high enough to yield a surplus over the cost of production. So price policy comes into the picture too. As with production matters, the I.C.I. Main Board would not attempt to go into the merits of the price of each of the thousands of products made by the Company, but it is very much concerned with the policy or policies to be followed by those who do fix these prices. It is also interested in the actual prices fixed for a few main products where these have a special significance, as in the case of agricultural fertilizers.

The Human Element

The main element in cost which interests the Board is probably wages. The better the utilisation of labour, the lower will be the labour cost per unit of production at the same wage level. The Board is therefore concerned to see that our labour forces are used at ever higher levels of efficiency. Wage rates which are settled by negotiation with the trade unions centrally are also of much concern to the Board, and so are general conditions of service. The actual employment of skilled and unskilled men and women on the terms fixed by negotiation with the unions is, however, the concern of the Divisions.

Guidance on Research

Perhaps one of the most important and most difficult tasks is the choosing of staff to carry on the Company's business. The Board makes the decisions for most senior appointments at Head Office, on Division boards, in the Sales Regions and overseas, but leaves appointments further down the line to others, including the Personnel Director, who, with the Staff Department, has the responsibility of seeing

as far as possible that the Board policy on appointments is carried out. The fixing of salaries is dealt with in the same way.

This general principle of determining policy and leaving the execution to others applies to research. The Research Director on the I.C.I. Main Board does no research and does not direct research. In this field, where control is particularly difficult, his task is to watch the total expenditure on research, and the general directions in which research is going forward in the Divisions and at the one or two central research establishments which the Company also maintains. Only if the general policy, or philosophy, or sense of proportion in the direction of research appears to be going wrong does he intervene—usually by way of advice and guidance.

Who's Who on the Board

The Main Board itself consists of a chairman, three deputy chairmen, thirteen other executive directors and five non-executive directors. The executive directors are of two kinds, which have been described as functional and operational. The functional director has a general responsibility for a particular aspect of the Company's affairs, such as finance or research, while the operational director has a more specific responsibility to the Board for the operations of a particular group of Divisions.

There are eight functional directors, concerned with Commercial, Development, Finance, Overseas (two), Personnel, Research and Technical, and six operational or "Group" directors who are responsible for six groups of Divisions.

This division of work between functional and operational directors may sound confusing, but it has its counterpart in nearly every large-scale organisation. All the executive directors on the I.C.I. Main Board have, of course, a general responsibility for the Company's affairs as a whole, but a functional director will give special attention to the aspects which have been assigned to him by the Board.

Operational Directors

The Finance Director, for example, will be concerned more especially with the inward flow of money from the sale of the Company's products, the provision of cash for all the Company's outgoings for wages and materials, and also the provision of the extra money needed for capital developments both at home and overseas. He gives special attention to the

presentation of the annual accounts of I.C.I. itself and of the subsidiary companies, the declaration of dividends, the issue of new stock or shares, and to a whole range of matters such as taxation and foreign exchange which come under the general heading of finance.

The Treasurer's Department at Head Office and the Chief Accountants' Departments in the Divisions will be directly responsible for all the actual financial work, and the Finance Director is left free to think about the main financial problems which always face the board of a large company.

An operational director, on the other hand, is the man on the Board to whom a Division board can look for assistance, guidance, direction and support in any aspect of its activities. The advantage of having one Main Board director to whom the Division can look and who has a special responsibility for the Division is substantial, because of the frustration that would follow if the Division board had to seek guidance from a number of Main Board directors, each specialising in a different aspect of a project under consideration.

Committees and Conferences

Each director is responsible to the Board for his function or group and reports directly to the Board. There is no executive committee (as there is in other organisations) to pre-digest everything before it is served up to the Board, but there is a system of committees and conferences which enables executive directors to sort out their differences and difficulties as far as possible before the board meets.

The Capital Programme Committee, which consists of all the executive directors (except the Chairman), considers all large capital proposals before they are submitted to the Board for approval. Smaller projects can be approved by the Group Director or by the Division board and are reported to the I.C.I. Main Board, but not discussed unless any director has a point to raise.

On-the-spot Visits

In practice the really large items, such as the putting up of a third oil cracker at Wilton or the extension of 'Terylene' manufacture, which cost several millions of pounds, are presented to the Capital Programme Committee by the Group Director, who will have present at the meeting the Chairman and such other members of the Division board as he feels is desirable.

Senior appointments, such as appointments to

(Continued on page 11)

Garden Notes

By Philip Harvey

Decoration by Sheila Robinson

WHY do so many people scoff at Jerusalem artichokes? I refuse to join their company, if only for the wholly inaccurate name which pleases me greatly. Need I remind you that this plant is neither an artichoke nor of Jewish origin? It comes, in fact, from Canada and belongs to the sunflower family. Another horticultural inconsistency is the name English iris for *Iris xiphoides*, which hails from the Pyrenees. If, however, you are on the side of those who would like the 24-hour clock, simplified spelling and the other aids to a soulless uniformity, you will deplore these absurd names.

To return to Jerusalem artichokes. A good month to plant the tubers is January, as a long season of growth is needed. They should be set 1 ft. apart and about 4 in. deep. Should you wish to grow more than one row (a dangerous proceeding, because the plant is invasive—to put it mildly), allow not less than 3 ft. between the rows.

Any soil is suitable, provided it is not too damp. Heavier yields are secured if you cut the tubers as you would for potatoes, leaving three eyes to each set. They should give 3–5 lb. of tubers per set.

The reason why some people dislike this vegetable is because they grow out-of-date varieties which have a smoky flavour when cooked as well as an unattractive black

appearance. One of the white or silver skin varieties, such as Fuseau, should be chosen. The other important point is never to cook Jerusalem artichokes like potatoes. You will, of course, find better ways in any up-to-date cookery book.

No cultivation is necessary except to pinch out the tops to prevent flowering. I might add that you can grow Jerusalem artichokes as a windbreak, although they may require staking in late summer to avoid being blown down by high winds.

The tubers may be left in the ground all winter and dug up as needed, but it is probably better to lift some in November and store in sand, especially where slugs are troublesome. Make sure you remove all underground portions of the plant, as the smallest piece will grow and sooner or later you will be overrun with artichokes.

January may seem a very inactive month as far as the gardener is concerned, but the textbooks will tell you all manner of “checking” jobs that should be done. For example, one ought to clean up tools such as forks, spades and hoes. Again, if you have a motor mower which is at this time stored under cover until early spring, you should run the engine to ensure that it is still functioning properly. Sometimes I read well-meant

advice to mow the lawn in winter during mild spells. This is admirable in theory, but it is perfectly obvious that the writer has never gardened on a heavy soil like mine, which is usually continuously wet from October to March, making mowing of the lawn quite out of the question. It is, in fact, often impossible to stir outside the door in autumn and winter without putting on Wellingtons!

Another expert tells me that he checks his dahlia tubers in storage every three days. This seems a counsel of perfection, but I would certainly recommend an occasional inspection, as some varieties are more liable to rot than others. This is particularly true of the lilac and lavender varieties, also any dahlias with small tubers and thick, hollow stems (irrespective of colour). Any signs of rot should, of course, be scraped out, the aim being to keep the crown hollows dry and the tubers plump.

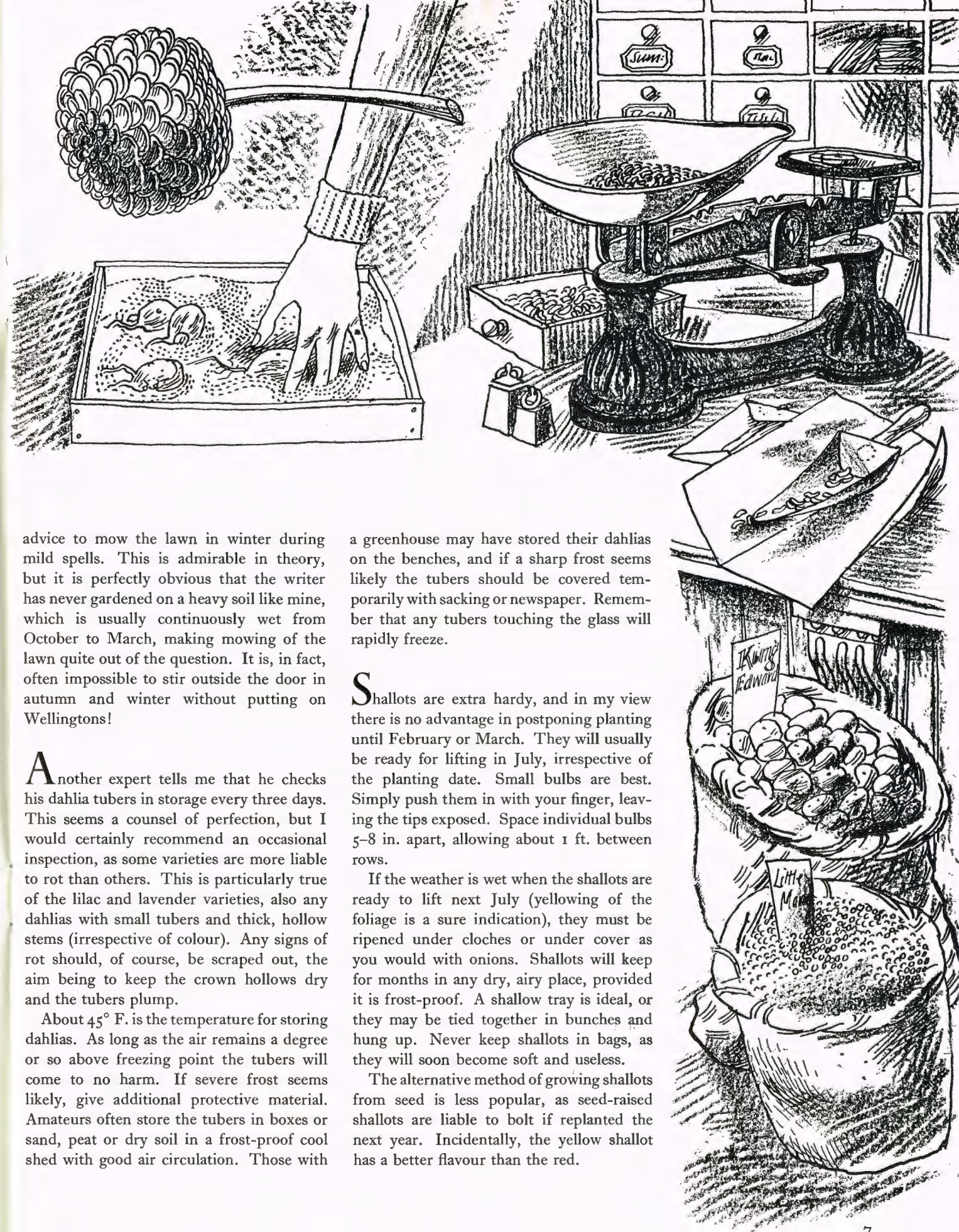
About 45° F. is the temperature for storing dahlias. As long as the air remains a degree or so above freezing point the tubers will come to no harm. If severe frost seems likely, give additional protective material. Amateurs often store the tubers in boxes or sand, peat or dry soil in a frost-proof cool shed with good air circulation. Those with

a greenhouse may have stored their dahlias on the benches, and if a sharp frost seems likely the tubers should be covered temporarily with sacking or newspaper. Remember that any tubers touching the glass will rapidly freeze.

Shallots are extra hardy, and in my view there is no advantage in postponing planting until February or March. They will usually be ready for lifting in July, irrespective of the planting date. Small bulbs are best. Simply push them in with your finger, leaving the tips exposed. Space individual bulbs 5–8 in. apart, allowing about 1 ft. between rows.

If the weather is wet when the shallots are ready to lift next July (yellowing of the foliage is a sure indication), they must be ripened under cloches or under cover as you would with onions. Shallots will keep for months in any dry, airy place, provided it is frost-proof. A shallow tray is ideal, or they may be tied together in bunches and hung up. Never keep shallots in bags, as they will soon become soft and useless.

The alternative method of growing shallots from seed is less popular, as seed-raised shallots are liable to bolt if replanted the next year. Incidentally, the yellow shallot has a better flavour than the red.



CENTRAL COUNCIL

The largest Central Council on record, with newcomers from Fibres Division, met at Blackpool in November. But it was also one of the quietest. Improvements to details of the Profit Sharing Scheme and the Sickness Benefit Scheme were announced.

With sketches by Ralph Sallon

THE seven-mile stretch of Blackpool sands was deserted and all that remained of the famous illuminations were a few sorry-looking artificial trees. The whole town, in fact, had an air of sitting back with its feet up and resting from the labours of the past holiday season. But that was hardly the mood in the Winter Gardens, where members and observers assembled for the largest Central Council meeting on record. Newcomers to the scene were the representatives from three Fibres Division Works Councils, formed since the last Council meeting at Margate, and the I.C.I. Film Unit.

The Chairman, Sir Alexander Fleck, began by welcoming everyone back to Blackpool, which, he said, had become by tradition the home of the November Council meeting. He then announced that the Royal Festival Hall, London, had been booked for the next meeting, which would take place on 31st May 1957; and this, although coming as a complete surprise to most people, seemed to be a very popular arrangement. Another innovation was the presence at Blackpool of the I.C.I. Film Unit, and Sir Alexander told the meeting that the film being made during the course of the day would be shown next May, together with a film of the very first meeting of Works Councils back in 1929, which had only recently come to light.

A further reference to the early Central Council meetings came with a warm tribute to the late Sir Richard Lloyd Roberts, I.C.I.'s Chief Labour Officer until his retirement in 1948, who had died tragically during the violent storms of last July.

"Sir Richard," said the Chairman, "pleaded the cause and desirability of works councils in season and out during the decade in the early 1920s before I.C.I. was

formed. This is the forty-second meeting of Central Council, and we rightly regard it as an important and regular feature of our life in the Company that we should meet twice a year to discuss our common interests. We are therefore apt to forget that the foundation of the Council system in I.C.I. nearly thirty years ago was a bold and enlightened step forward in industrial relations. Its inception owed much not only to the pioneering spirit but also to the humanity of Richard Lloyd Roberts."

Sir Alexander went on to speak about two conferences sponsored by I.C.I. which had taken place since the last Council meeting. The first one, organised by Plant Protection last July, was an international one and concerned with pest control. There were some 200 members, and half of them came from 42 overseas countries.

"The second conference is going on at Brighton at this very moment and is solely British in character. Again there are some 200 members—farmers, economists, industrialists (some of them our competitors), Members of Parliament, professors of agriculture, and so on. Our agricultural affairs," said Sir Alexander, "are most important to us as a company—there are the fertilizer activities at Billingham, the pest control activities of the Dyestuffs and General Chemicals Divisions, and the veterinary studies and remedies of the Pharmaceuticals Division. Over and above all that there is the importance of agriculture to us as citizens of the United Kingdom. Half of all we eat today has to come to us from overseas, and 40% of all the nation earns by its overseas trading has to be used to pay for that half of our food supply."

A third conference in which the Company played

its part not as producer but as a supporting member of the cast was the Duke of Edinburgh's Oxford Study Conference, which took as its theme human developments of industrial communities; eleven of its members were I.C.I. employees.

"I think," said Sir Alexander, "of all the impressions that I formed in Oxford the most abiding was the benefit to be derived from hearing the other man's experience in his working job. There was no attempt at conversion to a preconceived notion about human relations in industry, but all with their valuable divergence of outlook in many countries, in many industries and in many jobs were encouraged to make their own telling contribution to the pool of personal experience of these human problems. I am sure that no one returned to his daily task without feeling refreshed and invigorated and more conscious of a sense of community with his fellow men."

No Token Payments

The meeting then settled down to business. First item was to hear the Board's reply to the Council's resolution that token payments should be made to employees with more than ten years' service who retired before 31st December 1954. The idea behind the resolution was obviously to obtain something for those who had retired before profit-sharing was introduced, and this, said Mr. Banks, replying for the Board, was appreciated. Nevertheless he had to reject the motion on several scores.

Carefully he outlined the points which had led to the Board's decision stressing the unfairness of a scheme which gave a man who had completed a bare ten years' service just as much as a retired employee who had spent all of his working life with the Company. A token payment as



Mr. C. J. P. Bateson

a matter of policy should, the Board considered, be restricted to events like the Coronation.

Over and above this there were the very considerable administrative difficulties of tracing everyone involved, since the resolution included people who had retired as long ago as the early 30's. That this was a cause very near to the hearts of the majority of councillors was, however, made abundantly clear when Mr. Hutton came to the microphone to voice disappointment at the Board's reply.

Better Sickness Benefit

Another item arising from the Margate meeting concerned the Sickness Benefit Scheme. Mr. Grint's announcement that, from the New Year, benefit would be paid from the first day of illness instead of the third day as previously was greeted with pleasure by Mr. J. Ashcroft (General Chemicals Division), who had proposed the motion.



Mr. G. O. Hart

After this the meeting really got into its stride, and some lively debating arose on the topic of the Company's retirement gift. Supporting the motion that the gift should go to the widow or next of kin when a man who has 35 or more years' service to his credit dies before retirement, Mr. W. Cumming (Nobel)

eloquently pleaded the case of the wife behind the scenes who contributes so much to her husband's good record. Speakers from Metals, General Chemicals Division and Wilton Works also supported the motion.

Describing the resolution as nothing more than a gift voucher for the next of kin, Mr. J. E. A. Stuart (Alkali Division) quoted from the minutes of the November 1954 meeting to show how far the present motion departed from the original Alkali proposition.

Billingham representatives also urged for the rejection of the motion. The scheme, said Mr. W. H. Close, was a retirement gift, not an extension of the long service awards and certainly not a memorial. In spite of strong Alkali and Billingham opposition, the motion was carried by 115 votes to 97.

Just before the coffee break came an item not on the agenda when Mr. Hutton informed the meeting that



Dr. J. Craik

a collection of £23 had been made for the Hungarians at the workers' pre-meeting the day before. Sir Alexander then rose to his feet to announce that the I.C.I. Board had as a preliminary contribution sent £2500 to the Lord Mayor of London's Fund. A further collection was made during the coffee interval, and a total of £82 17s. was handed over to the Mayor of Blackpool for inclusion with Blackpool's contribution to the Lord Mayor's Fund.

Profit-sharing has often stolen the scene at recent meetings, and this one proved no exception. First Mr. E. R. Lightfoot, deputising for Mr. Hill, who had succumbed to an attack of flu, gave Council the report for 1955. 82,442 employees qualified for bonus in 1955, of which 16,777 had £25 or more stock to their credit and had therefore actually received stock certificates. Membership was 1200 up on 1954, and the average amount of bonus after deducting tax was £27 4s. 3d. This compared with £25 4s. 1d. in 1954.

Profit-sharing Changes

Then came the eagerly awaited announcement from Mr. Banks of changes made in the Profit Sharing Scheme. The most important was the lowering of the age qualification by a year. Below that, he told Council, the Company was not prepared to go, as, apart from the high turnover rate among the boys and girls under 21 employed by I.C.I., there were also serious legal objections to having the names of anyone under 21 on the Company's register. The new qualification of "21 at the end of the bonus year" avoided this problem while at the same time lowering the age limit by a year.

The Board, said Mr. Banks, had also accepted a Central Council resolution that employees dying,



Mr. C. Morris

retiring or leaving for reasons outside their own control during the year should get bonus for the period of service completed.

The last change concerned the Forces. In future compulsory national service and service under the R.A.F. "Ariel" Scheme would count as qualifying service for the scheme.

Council was also warned that the trustees were investigating the basis for fixing the price of shares, and if a change were made members of the scheme would be told at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. Banks had a last word about reservists called up as a result of the crisis. They would, he said, be regarded as employees when it came to calculating bonuses.

Miss Emma Hackett (Nobel) was the first to reach the microphone. Commenting that half a loaf was better than none, she thanked the Chairman for the new concessions but said

that she personally would like to see the age limit lowered still further. She was followed by Mr. A. R. Allardyce (Billingham), who said "They are not all that we desire, but as my friend from Scotland says, half a loaf is better than nothing."

He questioned whether the National Service concessions would also in-



Mr. F. Platt

clude apprentices being called to R.E.M.E., for instance.

Rejected Motion

Nobel Division put the cat among the pigeons with the proposal that Staff Grade workers on extended sick leave should have their profit-sharing bonus calculated on the full Staff Grade wage during that period. This item provoked the fiercest debating of the whole day. "The most parochial and selfish recommendation in his twenty years as a central councillor" was how Mr. Allardyce (Billingham) viewed the matter, and this was echoed by further speakers from Billingham and Wilton. Although Nobel Division stuck to their point, arguing that as they had 84% Staff Grade it was a major issue to their Division, the motion was lost by a substantial majority.



Mr. C. C. Skou

The first item after lunch was the Suggestion Scheme, and Mr. Inglis drew attention to the supplementary award of £500 to Mr. G. C. Jones of Hillhouse Works for a suggestion concerning an attachment to nylon melt kettles.

Mr. J. Layden (Billingham) then rose to question the effectiveness of the present scheme. Commenting on the way the Chancellor of the Exchequer is effectively "dangling his carrots in front of the donkeys" with premium bonds, he suggested that the large sum spent by the Company in small encouragement

HOW WE RUN I.C.I. (continued from page 5)

Division boards and corresponding appointments in the Sales Regions, at Head Office and overseas, are the subject of recommendations to the I.C.I. Main Board by the Division Boards Committee (which also consists of all the executive directors other than the Chairman).

The Salaries Committee (which deals with the salaries of executive directors), the Staff Salaries Committee (which deals with the salaries of senior staff) and the Appeals Committee (which deals with charitable appeals) have as members non-executive directors as well as executive directors. There are other committees which meet only as occasion requires, such as the Allotment Committee, which allots shares when there is a new issue, and the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Committee.

The Chairman takes the chair at the Salaries and Staff Salaries Committee, and a deputy chairman does so at the meetings of most of the other committees.

In addition to these committees, each functional director is entitled to hold a conference at which he can get the views of his executive colleagues on any matter which he is putting to the Board. Some functional directors hold regular conferences and others only at irregular intervals, as occasion requires. The Chairman holds a conference regularly, i.e. twice a month (which is the frequency of Board meetings), to discuss important matters of policy likely to come up to the Board in the near future. These conferences have not the same status as committees; they do not make decisions but are intended to fortify a director in proposals which he is making to the Board.

By means of these committees and conferences, therefore, most important matters are ventilated by executive directors before they reach the Main Board.

Although the Main Board of I.C.I. avoids the error of trying to manage the Company's business in detail, it has to inform itself sufficiently about the business and about the factors likely to affect its decisions to be enabled to make these decisions both confidently and wisely. For that reason it does not rely wholly on reports and documents written by its officials, but gives weight to the reports of directors who have paid visits to Divisions, Regions, overseas companies, to factories, laboratories, and indeed to large and small units of the Company's organisation all over the world. Only in this way can directors sample the atmosphere and understand the thinking and feeling of

awards might be better lumped together into say £1000 awards for really outstanding ideas.

The last item of the day was dealt with by Mr. Inglis, who announced that, as the I.C.I. Benevolence Grant had almost run out, the Board had placed another £50,000 at the disposal of works councils, and on this very pleasant note the meeting ended.

No news, they say, is good news, and it is to be hoped that this applies to Central Council, for there was very little to get excited about at this quiet Blackpool meeting.

A.E.B.

Fish an' Ships

By Ronald Ward

Photos from "Picture Post" library

"FIVE pints, please!" Our empty glasses were whisked away and refilled. The air grew thicker with strong tobacco smoke. The talking became louder. It was a Saturday lunchtime in one of Fleetwood's dockside hotels, and I was there with the mate, the bosun and two deckhands of the steam trawler *Royalist*—a vessel which would be leaving port at 3 a.m. the following Monday for yet another fishing trip, but this time, with one difference—I would be aboard!

The week-end passed very quickly, and as 1 a.m. chimed on Monday morning I stuffed the last jersey into my kitbag and lay down in front of a dying fire listening with very mixed feelings to the freshening wind blowing outside.

A screech of brakes, a knock at the door, a quick farewell upstairs, and I was soon speeding through the night to the docks, where with my kitbag slung professionally over my shoulder, I faithfully followed my escort through a maze of buildings and boxes, over ropes, wires and railway lines, until finally, after successfully negotiating several jumps over murky dark waters, I landed on the deck of the trawler *Royalist*.

It looked very, very, small.

The ship seemed to be pulsating with life, straining at her ropes like a dog on a leash, anxious to get out into the open sea. Very much more so than the crew, who were arriving in various states of dress and spirits—and no wonder, at that unearthly hour!

In the fo'c'sle, our living accommodation for the trip, I staked my claim on a bunk and settled down to enjoy a cigarette. Two earlier arrivals had already turned in and were snoring peacefully, another two sat quietly discussing their recent racing successes, and a rather lone wolf sat staring into the fo'c'sle fire, dreamily consuming a large bottle of brown ale. Graciously refusing the offer of a swig, I decided to unpack.

Soon all the crew had arrived, the skipper came

aboard, the telegraph rang, the ropes were let go, and we slid silently through the lock-pits, down the river and out into the darkness beyond. Emulating those of the crew who were not on watch, I turned in and dozed fitfully until the dawn.

"Breakfast-O!"—the cook's cry carried against the wind. It was 6 a.m., wet, windy and quite choppy. Those of us who were hungry enough left our sleeping shipmates and made our way aft down into the cabin to a glorious breakfast of bacon, eggs, thick bread and hot strong tea. "If I'm going to be sick," I thought to myself as I made my way back along the rolling deck, "at least the seagulls won't go hungry!"

After breakfast the crew changed into their working gear—seaboots, woollen fearnought trousers, heavy jerseys, and an odd collection of coloured scarves which made the whole lot of them look like a gang of pirates. Seeing my lack of suitable footwear, the bosun kindly loaned me his spare pair of thigh-length seaboots, which I wore turned down at the knees. For the rest of the trip I clomped around the deck like a Clydesdale horse.

Throughout the morning we steamed on, across the Irish Sea. I soon began to enjoy myself. I experienced the thrill of holding the wheel of a ship going at full speed, bouncing into the oncoming waves. I helped the cook in his galley to peel countless spuds, and was very proud to have a little share of the thanks which followed an excellent dinner.

The afternoon found me helping the bosun to fix in position his pound boards (planks of wood slotted across the foredeck to form compartments for easy sorting and handling of the fish), throwing fish baskets up from the depths of the forehold, and watching with interest the crew, who were now busy sorting out all the complicated gear which goes to make up a modern deep-sea trawl.

By the end of the afternoon the atmosphere on board had changed. We were now on the fishing



"... slowly, with each roll of the ship, the net was dragged up over the side. Suddenly the cod end, full and silvery, burst the surface of the sea."

grounds, and you could almost feel the general excitement running through the ship as the bosun and his men unlashed the large long net from the starboard side. Wires, shackles and ropes were checked and fixed in position. The mate, directly in charge of deck operations, was seeing to his pride and joy—the big double-barrelled steam winch just forward of the wheelhouse. The deck was humming with excitement and activity. Looking over all this, his experienced eyes not missing a thing, was the skipper, master of all he surveyed. I was privileged to be with him on his bridge as he supervised the shooting of the net.

The huge net, somewhat like a flattened cone in shape, was now being swiftly and expertly handled. The end part—the cod end—where all the fish we hoped to catch would congregate, was hoisted up on the gilson (a strong wire rope running through a pulley on the mast) to enable the mate to tie the knot which was his responsibility, a knot which closed the open end of the net and which would stand great strain.

The knot tied, the net, after various shouted orders such as "Heave on the gilson!" "Lower away!" and "Watch yer — heads!" went over the side down into the water.

The skipper brought his ship round to keep the screws clear of the sinking net. Down it went. Down too went the bobbins (round metal floats, which would keep the roof of the net up in position), and the "Dan Lenos" (short wooden posts to keep the corners of the mouth of the net jacked open) and the bridles (wires which would beat the sea bed and drive the fish in towards the net) and the otter doors (two huge rectangles of wood and steel which, acting like kites when towed through the water, would keep the hungry jaws of the net open and parted ready to devour all fish in its path). Finally, down slithered the two towing warps, one to each side of the net, which would pull all this through the water and over the sea bed.

The mate and his winch hand, his assistant, were leaning over the winch, paying out the towing warps

and exchanging such remarks as "200 fathoms! 250 fathoms!" as they carefully counted the snaking lengths of wire until the right length was over the side, when the winch was stopped and locked in position. The towing warps were now skilfully brought alongside the ship and clamped into position astern in the towing block, which would keep the warps clear of the screws while towing.

Satisfied that all was secure, the skipper retired to his berth, and with the exception of those on watch, the crew retired to the fo'c'sle. From then on they would need to snatch every minute of sleep.

All on board was now silent and peaceful. The ship was towing powerfully at half-speed like a lonely horse ploughing a lonely furrow. Below us on the sea bed, some forty-five fathoms underneath and about a quarter of a mile astern, the huge net—the man-made monster with an insatiable appetite—was thundering along, bringing destruction to hundreds of fish.

"Ten minutes, chief!" the skipper's voice sang down the speaking tube to the engine room. Those below knew that in ten minutes the ship would be stopped and extra steam required for the winch to haul the net up from the bottom. Over three hours had passed since it was shot.

A pot of coffee appeared on the bridge for the skipper—it was tradition at hauling time. The mate appeared on the deck—it was necessary at hauling time—and took charge of his winch. A deckhand took up position by the towing block, a cigarette in his mouth and a large spanner in his hand.

"Leggo!" the skipper's voice sang out again, and the man with the spanner, knocking the pin out of the block, released the towing warps, which sliced away into the sea as the ship came round and the winch puffed and rattled as it slowly hauled in the net.

"Will it be a good haul?" "Are we on a good ground?" "Will the net be holed?" silent questions written on silent faces—the faces of the skipper, the mate, the bosun, and the crew, who had been roused from their slumbers and now stood ready on the deck, their yellow oilskins glistening in the evening sunshine.

The otter doors broke surface and were quickly brought up and hung in the gallows—their resting place. The towing warps from each side of the doors were shackled on to the bridles at the other. And the hauling continued until the "Dan Lenos" came up, when the crew gathered along the side to manhandle the mouth of the net aboard.

"Heave together, lads!" The mate shouted en-

couragement to his perspiring crew as slowly, with each roll of the ship, the net was dragged up over the side. Suddenly the cod end, full and silvery, burst the surface of the sea. This was a signal for hundreds of gulls, gannets and fulmars, which appeared from nowhere as soon as the winch had started to rattle, to scream and dive in wild frenzy into the surging seas around the net, snatching and tearing at escaping fish.

As much net as possible was hauled by hand, and then, passing a rope round the last section, the mate signalled "Heave away gilson!" and the cod end, bulging with silvery fish, was hoisted up and over the foredeck, where it hung a swaying mass of fish—water still cascading out of the meshes, through which also poked the heads of fish trapped by their gills, the life choked out of them by the tightening strings, mouths open, eyes popping, a terrible look of despair on their faces.

The mate was quickly under this dripping mass, and grasping the knot he had tied hours earlier, stood aside and flicked his hand, opening the ends of the net and allowing the host of fish to spill out with a roar on to the deck. Fish of all shapes and sizes and colours piled up knee deep around him—the silver of the hake, the green of the cod, the browns, whites, reds and blacks of haddock, witches, megrims, roker, skate, gurnards, monk fish, and long slimy slithering conger eels. What a breathtaking sight it was—more fish together than I had ever dreamed of, fish of shapes I never knew existed. There they were now, out of their natural element, lots of them already dead through suffocation but most of them jumping, flashing and lashing in a vain struggle for survival, cries—almost human cries—rising from the living, threshing mound.

In the midst of this the mate had retied his knot and the operation of shooting the net was once again in full swing—not one valuable minute lost. As soon as this was complete, the crew turned their attention on to the fish, and with sharpened knives began the mass slaughter.

Every member of the crew was working at top speed, seizing the living fish and with short sharp cuts of the knife ripping the very life out of them. Each fish collapsed before the blade, its guts dripping out on to the deck, its liver—the source of our cod liver oil—being carefully rescued and thrown into baskets. The stripped carcass was thrown to one side, where, with one last death-defying lunge, it settled to await its colleagues before being washed, sorted, placed in baskets and lowered down into the cold, dark, damp

of the fish room, where the mate waited to ice it carefully away.

As the last basket was being lowered, the decks were already being washed down—the bloody mess being swept out into the sea, where once again the birds of the sea—hundreds of them—were wheeling and diving in savage ecstasy.

Now all was clean and clear. The crew, after a well-earned pot of tea, retired to their bunks. In another hour or so the whole procedure would be repeated. The gulls, the gannets and the fulmars retired with full bellies astern of the ship to rest, bobbing on the waves, until the next rattle of the winch would call them. Once again all was peaceful.

During the next days, as we steamed over fishing grounds off the coast of England, Ireland and Scotland, the continual shooting and hauling and the mass slaughter of hundreds of fish, the rough living in cramped quarters, all hardened me to the facts of life—the life of the sea. Not many days had passed before I was in the midst of things, helping as best I could, singing and laughing in the wind, rain, sunshine and spray with the rest of the crew, thoroughly enjoying myself. All too soon we were steaming home.

Many things I have not described: the dawn and sunset at sea, the beauties of the sea and sky in its various moods, the contentment of mind which comes from good food, fresh air, hard work and deep sleep—these and the more down-to-earth things, the yarns told round the fo'c'sle fire and cabin table, the jokes and constant leg-pullings, the joys of not having to shave and dress and undress. But I must confess to one little link with civilisation—I took my toothbrush!

As we steamed back into harbour in glorious sunshine, twelve days after leaving, I felt proud to be standing on the deck with the rest of the crew, proud



"... the mate was quickly under this dripping mass . . . opening the ends of the net and allowing the host of fish to spill out with a roar on to the deck"

that I had sailed with such fine men, proud that I had barged into the boss's office and asked for two weeks' holiday at short notice, grateful and thankful for a safe and happy voyage.

Soon we bumped gently against the dockside, the ropes were secured, the telegraph rang one last ring, and the engines and engineers had finished a great job, as had the crew who were already ashore and hastily departing for their wives, homes and sweethearts.

I too was ashore, a taxi commandeered, and with the mate, the bosun and two deckhands I was soon back where I started my story—"Five pints, please!"

PETRA

By Cynthia Preston

The rose-red city of Petra, once forgotten and legendary amid the deserts of Jordan, is a fabulous survival from before Christ. Hewn from the rock, it lives on untended by man, strange and very beautiful.

If you should ever find yourself, opportunity and the political weather permitting, a visitor in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, try to become one

of that select band of travellers who have seen Petra. This is the fabulous,



ARRIVAL AT PETRA. In the background are fallen slabs of rock from the sides of the crater-like basin in which the city was built.

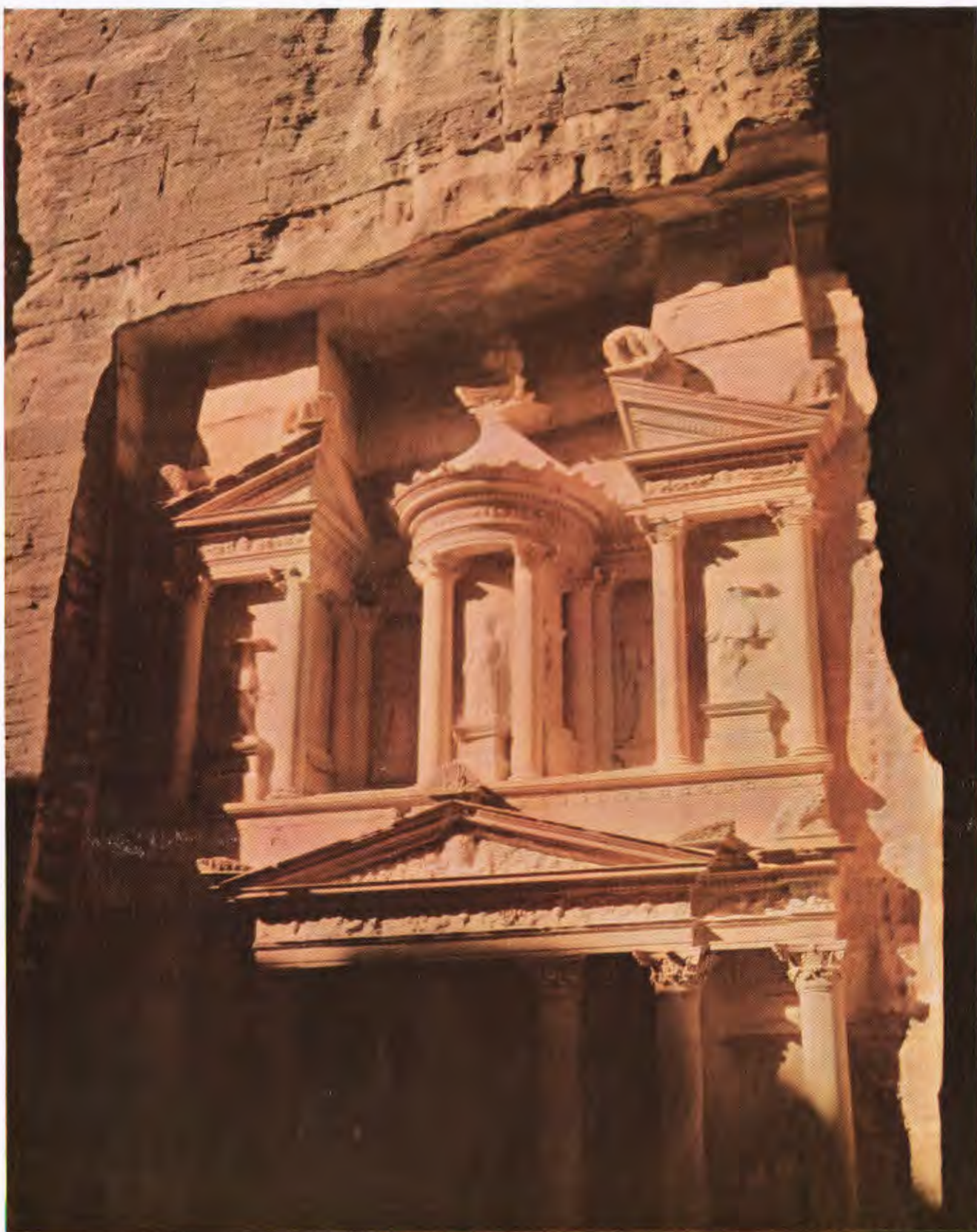
long-deserted, almost inaccessible "rose-red city half as old as time," once so forgotten that it was hardly more than a local legend. To reach it now, however, is within the bounds of possibility if you do not mind a rough journey.

We went by road—though you could hardly

call it that in places—starting from Aqaba one afternoon, climbing up through deep ravines and along dry torrent beds, over barren plains, past primitive Bedouin encampments of long, low black tents, where the goats and children stared at us and the dogs ran barking after us. After some four hours' driving we came to the large and flourishing village of Wadi Mousa. It takes its name from Moses' Well, a gushing spring of beautiful clear water in an almost waterless land, said to have been struck from the rock when the Children of Israel came up this way from their captivity in Egypt.

Black-clothed women still fill their water pitchers there and shy dark-eyed children play around it, as they have been doing since Biblical days. The village itself is attractive, with its terraced orchards of fig, olive and pomegranate trees stepping down the hill-sides to the stream below. We stayed the night, by previous arrangement, in the little Arab Legion fort in the village. We had taken our own food, cooked it ourselves over a spirit stove, and ate it sitting out at a little table in its tiny, spotlessly clean courtyard.

The deserted ancient city is only three miles away, but it is in a different world. We started off from the



THE TREASURY, carved out of solid rock. At the top of the little round temple in the centre is a stone urn almost shattered by bullets. The Arabs believe it was once filled with gold and have tried to shoot it down.



THE MOUTH OF THE SIQ, where the narrow three mile long gorge debouches into the almost impregnable natural fortress which is Petra. In places the Siq is barely 6 ft. wide. Towering inaccessible crags rise to 300 ft. above it.

fort in the early morning with two Arab boys as guides—on horseback now, for it is a steep and stony track down from the village. As we went on, the little valley seemed to close in on us, while a great rampart of reddish sandstone cliffs reared itself in front of us. Not until we were close on it could we even see the Siq, the narrow gorge through the mountain that is, as it always was, the only way into Petra.

This unique gorge gives the city the impregnable strength of its natural situation. The Siq in places is barely six feet wide, and towering, inaccessible crags rise to three hundred feet and more above it. A dozen men could defend it against an army. Even Alexander the Great never took it.

The Nabateans who founded the city of Petra, some five centuries before Christ, lived at first by preying on the great caravans that came through from Arabia and the East on their long journeys to Egypt or to Syria. Later they found it more profitable to show hospitality to the caravans, supplying them with provisions and water, and doubtless exacting an exorbitant toll for doing so.

The city reached the height of its power about 100 B.C., when it ruled the country as far north as Damascus. Inevitably it succumbed eventually to Rome; but it was losing its importance then, as the caravans on which it depended changed their route to the easier one by the Persian Gulf and Palmyra. Gradually it became deserted, was occupied for a brief period as a retreat by a group of early Christians, and finally became the utterly decayed ruin that it is today, forgotten and almost legendary until a nineteenth-century traveller discovered it for the world again.

The Siq eventually emerges into an open bowl-like space, enclosed on all sides by mountainous cliffs of rock. The floor of the gorge was obviously once a torrent bed, and its dry course still runs through the city's centre. Further on a spring comes bubbling out again, and here we found a few Arab women washing clothes and watering their goats, though there is little life in Petra now. The stream rushes away down a series of cascades between banks of catmint and oleander trees, through deep little pools (inhabited, somewhat

unexpectedly, by enormous crabs) and finally escapes down a rocky and impassable chasm down to the plain below.

There is much evidence of the importance of the water supply to the people of the ancient city. Along the Siq itself runs a channel cut in the rock to bring the water from Moses' Well into the town, and in the cliffs above are huge underground cisterns to catch and store the rain.

Of the Roman city little now remains but mounds of rubble and the walls of a temple. The earlier work of the Nabateans, however, has endured, because it was cut out of the living rock itself.

Before he reaches the end of the Siq the traveller comes suddenly upon a perfect surviving example of it—the Treasury. This sculptured façade in a deep cleft of the rock glows with a brilliant pink in the slanting light of the sun. Behind its great columns and huge doorways are a number of large rooms hewn out of the mountain itself. In other parts of the city are similar façades of temples and houses and tombs. Every little side valley is a fascinating place for exploration, with passages leading from house to house, and stone stairways leading from one street level to another.

On the top of one of the highest crags is a levelled-off courtyard called the High Place, where religious ceremonies and sacrifices took place. On another height stands El Deir, the most impressive temple the



ROCK TOMBS gaping open and empty in the sunlight. They belong to the Nabatean or Edomite period, long before the Romans came, and are remarkable for their elaborate interiors.

city has to show, a classic façade again, cut out of the rock with rooms in the hillside behind it. Not all of these places show the lovely pink colour of the Treasury, for the rock has strata of many shades, ranging from grey to scarlet, from honey colour to purple, with the dark greens of the oleanders and the yellow-greens of the tamarisks to show them off.

Petra is becoming daily less remote from the modern world. It can be reached by car, though the roads are rough in places, from Amman or Aqaba, both of which are quite easily reached by air, or you can go by train from Amman to Ma'an and thence by

car. A new road is in course of construction from Ma'an to Wadi Mousa—we passed hundreds of workmen engaged on it, and the tented encampments in which they lived seemed to stretch for miles.

An enterprising hotel in Amman has a small tented tourist camp in Petra itself, and perhaps more accommodation in Wadi Mousa will materialise to meet an increasing demand. At present, however, to go there is still an adventure, one calling for a certain amount of organisation on the traveller's part but one which is infinitely rewarding, both in natural beauty and in the fascinating study of an ancient civilisation.

NEWS IN PICTURES



First Council. Eleven members of the November Central Council, including Sir Alexander Fleck, also attended the inaugural works council meeting in 1929. L. to r.: A. W. Inglis (Council Secretary), W. Fair (Nobel), H. Joyes (Salt), J. W. Ravenscroft (G.C.D.), Sir Alexander Fleck, L. A. Inglis (Head Office), C. L. Moore (Paints), H. R. Payne (Head Office), T. W. Moffatt (Salt) and A. P. Cattle (Nobel)

The newly elected chairman of the employees' representatives, Mr. E. Hutton of Cassel Works, Billingham, is seen below lunching with Sir Alexander Fleck during the Central Council meeting at Blackpool



Safety Cup, won for the first time by Nobel Division, with a 40% cut in their accident frequency rate, was presented to Dr. James Craik (Division chairman) by Sir Alexander Fleck at Central Council. Runners-up were Salt Division, with a 34% reduction



Trophy winner for the sixth year running at Billingham Synthonia gardening section's chrysanthemum and vegetable show was Mr. Stanley Smithson, a bar-bender on Cassel Works



Television went down the drain recently at Billingham when a specially adapted TV camera, mounted on skids, was tried out as a way of inspecting drains for corrosion or choking deposits

Austrian textile industrialists toured Research and Dyehouse laboratories during a visit to Dyestuffs Division. (Below) Examining slivers of a synthetic fibre in the Textile Processing Aids Section



Dagenham Girl Pipers, entertaining Central Council at Blackpool, press-ganged members to take part in a key from Billingham Division and Mr. Hart from Wilton



Olympic track suit, individually tailored for the 230 members of the British team by a Leicestershire knitwear firm, was made from a silk and rayon mixture fabric dyed with I.C.I.'s new 'Procion' dyestuffs. 'Lightning' fasteners were used in the making up. Smallest suit was made for Jean Scrivens and the largest for wrestler Ken Richmond



Safety Week visitor to the Sutton Works of Paper Goods Manufacturing Co. was Sir George Barnett (H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories), seen talking to Bill Job and "Taffy" Vinard



Press cuttings—several hundred of them—were one result of the conference "Agriculture in the British Economy" sponsored by Central Agricultural Control at Brighton in November. Picture above shows a selection of headlines from national newspapers

'Vynair,' the new p.v.c.-coated fabric manufactured by Leathercloth Division, is shown below used for cushion covers. 'Vynair' is the first 'breathable' fabric of its kind to be produced in Britain



Ardeer's last link with the old Hounslow factory, Mr. Harry Pratley, is seen here (centre) receiving presentation after 37 years' service. Mr. Pratley was shift foreman in the Blackpowder Department

Three Dyestuffs Division board changes were announced last month. Mr. S. Howard (left) has been appointed a Managing Director jointly with Mr. H. Jackson and Mr. H. Smith. Dr. H. Samuels (right), formerly acting deputy North Region manager, is the new Home Sales Director and Mr. R. M. Gibb (centre), formerly head of the Distribution Centre, is Commercial Services Director



Luxury luggage, covered in 'Vynide' made by Leathercloth Division, is fitted in Jaguar 2.4 litre and Hillman Minx cars for export. Each set consists of four cases specially designed to fit into the boot of the car



Billingham's Civil Defence unit gave a demonstration to mark the opening of the factory's new C.D. headquarters and training centre by Major-General S. Lamplough (centre), Civil Defence Controller for the North-east



Billingham cleaner, 71-year-old Mrs. Mary Dewison, and her son Norman received long service awards on the same day; she for 30 years, he for 20

PICTURES FROM OVERSEAS



Canada. An aerial view of the \$9,000,000 ammonia plant of Canadian Industries Ltd. at Millhaven, Ontario, which has just been completed. With a production of 200 tons a day, this will be the largest ammonia plant in Canada

Canada. The four Charlebois brothers, who work at the Brownsburg Works of Canadian Industries Ltd., share 134 years of service. They are (left to right) Willie (36 years), Henri (39), Rolland (26) and Oscar (33)



Australia. In Sydney, I.C.I.A.N.Z.'s new head office skyscraper takes shape. The building is scheduled to be finished in June. Looking across the Botanic Gardens, the famous harbour bridge can be seen in the background



South Africa. Finalists (front row) of the Wheat Queen contest, sponsored by the Kynoch-Capex organisation, visited A.E. & C.I.'s fertilizer factory at Somerset West. With them are six hostesses chosen from factory staff



Holland. Roof lighting in the bar of a new hotel at Zandvoort, Holland, is of 'Perspex' in the shape of chessmen



Australia. The Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. R. G. Menzies, opened I.C.I.A.N.Z.'s new Central Research Laboratories. Below: Mr. Menzies tours the technical laboratory. With him are (l. to r.) Mr. Dirk Zeidler (Research Laboratory Manager), Sir Alan Clunies-Ross, Dr. J. Holroyd (I.C.I. Research Director), Mr. C. R. Prichard (I.C.I. Overseas Director) and Mr. K. G. Begg (I.C.I.A.N.Z. chairman)



I.C.I. NEWS

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT ON HALF-YEAR'S TRADING

Sales and Exports Up: Net Income Down

At Central Council in November Sir Alexander Fleck reported on the Company's trading results for the first half of 1956—based, as he reminded Council, on uncertified figures.

The consolidated turnover of the Company, Sir Alexander revealed, including its home and overseas subsidiaries, was £221 million for the first half-year, compared with £206 million for the corresponding period of 1955.

"But although our turnover has increased by some £15 million," he went on, "our estimated net income after allowing for depreciation, but before taxation, shows a reduction of rather more than half a million pounds. With the increase in rates of taxation the estimated net income after taxation shows a drop of about £1½ million compared with the first half of 1955. This has reversed, I hope only temporarily, the trend since 1952, which has shown, at least for the yearly figures, an annual increase in profits consistent with the increased capital we are employing in our business.

"How has this drop come about? The main reason is that increased operating costs have not been matched by increased selling prices. There has also been a loss due to value of copper being below what we paid for our stocks, and that means principally a loss to the Metals Division.

"To have allowed prices to move forward at the same rate would have been to add to the difficulties of the country. We have therefore deliberately set ourselves the policy of maintaining home prices firm for the great majority of our products, at least until June next year, provided no unexpected or exceptional factors arise and provided freight and fuel costs make no major upward move.

"To restore our profit margins to figures which we regard as reasonable—and this is necessary if we are to maintain our rate of capital investment for new and improved processes—we shall have to increase our productivity by the more efficient use of existing processes and by the good design of new ones. . . .

"In spite of competition the value of our exports for the first half of this year shows a net increase of £2.3 million, that is 6½% over the corresponding figure for the first half of 1955, when allowance has been made for the

effect of the dock strike. But this has, of course, meant quoting very competitive prices with a reduction in the margin of profit, and it is worth noting that this has been achieved despite a fall in sulphate of ammonia exports amounting to £1¼ million, and this drop in exports is solely due to the home demand for fertilizers in the United Kingdom. Despite this drop, the slack was more than taken up by exports of the newer products, and this illustrates the resilience of the Company's export trade.

"But although these results are encouraging, we ought at the same time to note that the U.K. share of the world trade in the period 1950-55 has fallen from 25.5% to 19.8%, while the West German share has increased from 7.3% to 15.6%. It is of course much easier, as is the case of Germany, to raise exports from a low initial figure than to maintain them at a high one, as is the task of Britain. Nevertheless, this is clear indication of the competition we have to meet if we are going to maintain and improve on our standard of living."

£40 MILLION NEW ISSUE

The I.C.I. Board announced at the end of November an issue of £40,000,000 5½% Convertible Unsecured Loan Stock 1977-79. The success of the new issue, which several newspapers called the largest industrial financing operation in the history of the City, will not be known until after the publication of this issue of the *Magazine*, but the terms were as follows:

The Loan Stock was offered to Preference and Ordinary stockholders of the Company (including employees who hold Ordinary shares acquired under the Profit Sharing Scheme and those whose shares are held by the Trustees) at £96%.

Applications for the Loan Stock could be for any amount, from £50 upwards in multiples of that sum, payment to be made 10% down and in three further instalments.

The stock is convertible, if the holder wishes, into £1 Ordinary I.C.I. shares on 1st July 1958, 1959 and 1960, at the rate of 24 £1 Ordinary Shares for each £50 stock in 1958, 23 in 1959 and 22 in 1960.

RETIREMENT OF MR. A. J. QUIG

Mr. A. J. Quig, a Deputy Chairman of I.C.I., retired on 31st December.

Sir Alexander Fleck, Chairman of I.C.I., writes:

In the usual march of time there always arrives some moment when we must reconcile ourselves to a parting which, though inevitable, is nevertheless full of sadness and evokes many sentiments that fill our minds with regret. Such a time has come when we say an official goodbye to Mr. Quig on the occasion of his retirement from the Board of I.C.I. and from the position of a Deputy Chairman.

It is well-nigh fifty years since A.J.Q. joined the Glasgow organisation of Nobel's as a junior clerk and started developing the flair he must always have had for commercial work.

The first world war saw him in the uniform of the Highland Light Infantry. He served overseas, first of all in France, where he was wounded. Then he had a period in India, and the experiences he gained then were turned to good account in later years.

After the war he moved forward rapidly in the Nobel organisation, and he became managing director of Nobel Chemical Finishes Ltd., a joint company formed by du Pont of U.S.A. and Nobel's. This gave him many opportunities which were eagerly seized to get to know a lot about American business methods and, even more importantly, to form many friendships among American businessmen.

Some time after I.C.I. was formed, negotiations took place which resulted in Nobel Chemical Finishes becoming wholly owned by I.C.I., and Mr. Quig then became the first guiding spirit of that highly successful section of I.C.I. that we all know as the Paints Division.

He remained with the Division until 1939, when he came to I.C.I. headquarters successively as an executive manager, a director, and finally, since 1948, as a Deputy Chairman.

In this short note of appreciation of his work I am sure Mr. Quig would agree with me that it is fitting that I should make a brief reference to the very much valued assistance to his business career he has had from Miss E. M. Chapman. She has been his secretary for some thirty years, and has been with him as he moved

with increasing degrees of responsibility through I.C.I.

Besides the work he has done inside I.C.I. we will recall with appreciation many of his outside activities. For instance, there is his work for British Nylon Spinners. He has been one of their directors since 1941, and during that time he has for six years been their chairman. His work there has done much to make pleasant and effective the partnership we have with Courtaulds. Another activity which should not be overlooked was the work during 1948-49, when he was chairman of a committee appointed to review the organisation of the Air Ministry.

Another outside activity is that he has had for many years a strong interest in agricultural matters, culminating in a great pride in his herd of Ayrshire cattle. Many people over the wide world have been privileged to enjoy Mr. Quig's hospitality both in London and at his farm in Surrey, and in more recent years have enjoyed the informal kindnesses which his wife and himself have shown in unstinted measure.

His many friends will always treasure the cheery approach which characterised his work, his amusing capacity to mimic alike his colleagues and his business contacts, and the sound, shrewd commercial flair which took him to a wise solution of his problems.

It is the warm wish of all of us that he will enjoy good health for many years

in his retirement, and that with Mrs. Quig he will continue to have great enjoyment in his travels. They anticipate leaving early in the New Year for a voyage to Singapore and Indonesia.

We thank him most cordially for all he has contributed to the strength and success of I.C.I., and he takes with him the best wishes of us all.

AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCE AT BRIGHTON

Two hundred farmers, economists, M.P.s and bankers—constituting what the *Manchester Guardian* called "the top brass of British agriculture"—met at Brighton in November under the auspices of I.C.I.

The three-day conference, with the theme "Agriculture in the British Economy," was organised with the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. Mr.

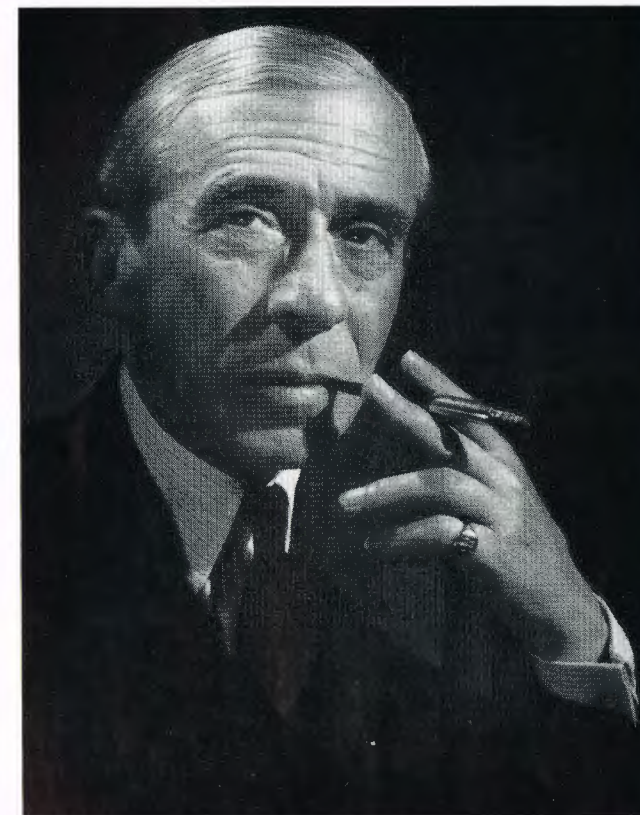


Photo: Douglas Glass



Top table at the conference dinner. Left to right: Sir James Scott Watson, Mr. A. J. Quig, Mr. D. Heathcoat-Amory (Minister of Agriculture), Mr. W. D. Scott, Sir James Turner (president of the N.F.U.) and Mr. Stephen Cheveley.

Stephen Cheveley, chairman of Central Agricultural Control, gave the opening address, and papers for discussion were given by eleven eminent speakers.

It was the aim of the conference, Mr. Cheveley said, to examine the agricultural industry's efficiency, the help or hindrance of present government policy, and the emphasis that should be placed on production here rather than making export goods to buy food abroad. "Fears are already arising," said Mr. Cheveley, "that we will be unable to pay for food in world markets, so there is an urgent need to plan our home industry—that is, to make our farms more capable of producing high-quality goods at competitive prices."

The contributors submitting papers dealt, on the assumption of a ten-year programme, with the part agriculture should play in the future, how these estimates might be achieved or surpassed, and what redeployment of resources would be needed. The discussions which followed ranged far and wide over the subject.

The importance of the conference was underlined by the presence at the conference dinner of the Minister of Agriculture, despite the stress of international events. Mr. Heathcoat Amory, in referring to the breadth of the conception of the conference and its opportune timing, said that the Government's policy was to continue to help the industry with the idea of encouraging more efficient and economic methods of production and marketing.

In his closing address Sir Alexander Fleck, Chairman of I.C.I., said: "I certainly feel that there is a need for further guidance and more specific recommendations on how to improve the long-term efficiency of all sections of British agriculture so that it makes its most effective contribution to the economy of this country. Specifically, guidance is sought on the interrelation of three subjects, each of which seems to be fundamental to the health of the industry, jointly as well as individually: First, a consistent and long-term policy on agriculture subsidies. Second,

a consistent and long-term policy on import controls. Third, the capital requirements of British agriculture and how they can best be met. The guidance must come from something of the same spread of types as we have here—farmers, economists, scientists, bankers, industrialists—so that the agricultural problems as a whole could be studied.

"I would hope that one outcome of a series of studies by such a body would be to lift agriculture firmly from the cockpit of party politics, so that a joint policy—that is, one that will receive endorsement from the parties on both sides of the House—can be worked out. It is only in this way that farmers, like any other industrialists, can confidently plan for the years ahead. . . ."

With emphasis on the need for long-term assurances for the farmer and for the investment of capital in the most effective way, the conclusions of the conference strikingly foreshadowed the Minister's proposals which were announced in Parliament within a fortnight of the ending of the conference.

AID FOR HUNGARY

As we go to press there is news of further aid for the Hungarians over and above the £2500 subscribed by the Company to the Lord Mayor's Fund. Pharmaceuticals Division is contributing £500 of drugs to the British Red Cross, and another £100 has been sent to the Irish branch. Sulphamezathine tablets comprise the bulk of the parcels despatched.

Following a letter to *The Times* from the British Red Cross pointing out that the greatest single need in Budapest at the present time is window glass, British Visqueen have offered to supply 'Visqueen' polythene film for temporary window glazing. One roll of film is sufficient to glaze hundreds of windows. At the time of going to press acceptance of the offer was still awaited from the Red Cross authorities in Vienna.

Maiden Erlegh, a large country house near Reading owned by the Company, has been temporarily handed over to the Berkshire Red Cross for use as a transit camp for refugees arriving in Britain.

HEAD OFFICE

Colonel Michael T. Sampson, O.B.E., M.C.

Colonel Sampson, who entered the service of Synthetic Ammonia and Nitrates Ltd. (the predecessor of I.C.I. Billingham Division) in 1922, died at The Frythe, Welwyn, after a long illness on 19th November 1956. He was in his sixty-first year.

At the end of four years' service in the King's Royal Rifles in World War I he read chemistry at Cambridge and on graduation joined the staff of the new factory at Billingham. After varied experience of research and manufacture there he was transferred to the Head Office Technical Department in London in 1928, and in 1937 he was appointed a delegate director of Mouldrite Ltd., a predecessor of I.C.I. Plastics Division. He was recalled to the colours in 1939 and served in various capacities until his release with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1942. He rejoined I.C.I. and was seconded by them to work on the FIDO project, for which he was awarded the O.B.E. On the formation of the Butterwick Research Laboratories (now renamed the Akers Research Laboratories) in 1946 he was appointed administrative head of the new establishment, a position which he held until his death.

These are the bare facts of his career, but of his character as a man and a colleague one of his friends has provided us with the following appreciation:

"The death of Michael Sampson removes from the I.C.I. scene a notable figure and a well-loved personality. Those who knew him best will remember him as a man of wide experience, broad in outlook, full of human sympathy and of quite remarkable versatility. He was quiet and somewhat retiring by disposition, but given a congenial audience he would talk in entertaining fashion and with authority on all manner of subjects—politics, history, art, literature and, of course, science. He was keenly interested in all the latest fundamental discoveries and regarded the pursuit of new knowledge and greater understanding as an end in itself. At the same time he had a very sound appreciation of the importance of practical applications.

"His experience in two world wars enabled him to mix on easy terms with all sorts and conditions of men, and however interested he might be in things he was at least equally interested in people. His staff will long remember him for his kindly interest in them as individuals.

"Sampson was a man of strong convictions and could on occasion put forward his views with force and cogency, but he was fundamentally tolerant; differences of opinion were never allowed to poison personal relations. Perhaps his most outstanding characteristic was courage. This was shown not merely in a physical sense by his notable service in the army, for which he was awarded the Military

Cross, but even more by his bearing during his last long, tedious and painful illness. Knowing full well that recovery was impossible, he retained to the last his keen interest in life, his cheerful bearing, his sense of humour and his thought for others.

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

BILLINGHAM DIVISION

Export Drive in Organics

Billingham Division, already an exporter to Western Europe of a wide range of organic chemicals, has set in motion an intensive drive to expand these markets. Background to the drive is increased output capacity for existing products and an extension of the range of products.

The capacity of Billingham's carbonylation plant, which produces alcohols for the plasticisers used in the PVC industry, is to be doubled and a large part of the new capacity is earmarked for export. The Division aims at supplying a large proportion of European requirements.

New emphasis is also being given to the sale of catalysts from Clitheroe, where large extensions now under construction are expected to be in production early next year. When this expansion scheme was announced some time ago it was stated that it was hoped that Clitheroe would become one of the Company's major exporting units.

Production of alkylated phenols, used for making resins for the paints industry—particularly for very durable paints and varnishes for ships—and for non-foaming detergents, is also being stepped up and the range broadened.

As part of the export drive an intensive one-week course was held at Billingham recently for representatives of all I.C.I. companies and agents in West European countries.

METALS DIVISION

Prizewinning Apprentice

Now in his fifth year as a bookbinding apprentice in the Bindery of The Kynoch Press, Richard Rothwell has gained the distinction of having a specimen of his work publicly exhibited.

Richard has been attending the Bournville School of



Richard Rothwell with his prizewinning binding of *Culpeper's Herbal*

Art, and there his binding of Culpeper's Herbal—a modern reprint of a seventeenth-century book of herbal remedies—was awarded the Ruskin Hall prize for the best full-bound book produced during the year. Full bound in green Morocco leather and hand tooled in gold, the book is such a beautiful example of the bookbinder's art that it was selected for exhibition in Birmingham's Art Gallery as a specimen of students' work.

WILTON WORKS

Recreation Club Improvements

The immediate expenditure of £103,000 on the Wilton Recreation Club has been approved by the I.C.I. Board. This sum is to be used to provide a gymnasium, to develop the playing fields, to provide landscape gardening, roads and services for the grounds, and a children's playground.

At the moment Wilton has a temporary clubhouse at Grangetown to serve more than 4400 members. An extension to this, capable of seating 200 people or accommodating 100 couples for dancing, was recently opened by Mr. C. M. Wright, chairman of Wilton Council. Mr. Wright said then that the building of the main part of new permanent premises had had to be deferred because



of the Government's wish to curtail large capital expenditure on non-essential projects.

Although the plan for permanent clubhouse facilities has had to be temporarily shelved, the present improvements will undoubtedly make Wilton Recreation Club one of the best equipped in the area.

'DUPERIAL' ARGENTINA

Retirement of Mr. D. Morgan

Mr. David Morgan retired from presidency and general managership of 'Duperial' Argentina at the end of last month. He is succeeded by Mr. A. Edbrooke.

Born in Liverpool on 9th September 1895, Mr. David Morgan received his education at Liverpool College, after which he was apprenticed to a timber importer in that city. Two years later his initiation into business was interrupted when he was mobilised in the Royal Field Artillery in August 1914.

Serving with this corps throughout the war, he saw active service on the Western Front, in Salonica and in Italy, and was awarded the M.C. in 1917 and the Italian

Silver Medal for Valour in 1918. After the war he joined Graham, Rowe & Co. in Liverpool, who sent him to Chile in January 1920, where the company had recently taken over the representation of Brunner, Mond & Co.

In 1926 he was appointed Brunner Mond's travelling representative for the west coast of South America, and two years later he joined I.C.I. (Argentina) in Buenos Aires.

On the formation of Industrias Químicas Argentinas 'Duperial' S.A.I.C. in 1934 he was appointed assistant general manager and promoted to president and general manager in 1953.

In other fields Mr. Morgan has likewise been very active. For the past 22 years he has served on the council of the British Chamber of Commerce in the Argentine Republic and was its chairman during the period 1949-51. In the 1951 Birthday Honours he was awarded the C.B.E. "for distinguished service to the British business community in Argentina."



Mr. D. Morgan

S.A. FERMETURE ECLAIR

Retirement of M. Raymond Clément

To many people in the Company, and particularly those at Millbank, Witton and Wolverhampton connected with Lightning Fasteners and Marston Excelsior, the retirement of M. Raymond Clément from Fermeture Eclair in December brought very real personal regret. Not only has M. Clément—President and Director General of Fermeture Eclair since 1953—one of the longest service records of I.C.I. staff in Europe, but he has for many years been a leading personality in the French fastener industry, respected by colleagues and competitors alike.

Right from its formation in 1924 as a joint venture at Rouen by Kynoch Ltd. and Davey Bickford Smith S.A., Raymond Clément grew up with Fermeture Eclair, which became a subsidiary company of Lightning Fasteners Ltd. in 1928. He was appointed to the Fermeture Eclair Board in 1929, and it was in large measure through M. Clément's faith and his tireless work in the promotion and sale of "Eclair" fastener that the Rouen company weathered all its early difficulties.



Monsieur R. Clément



I.C.I. Olympians Jim Nevin and Geoffrey Goodacre of I.C.I.A.N.Z. and Ed Lucht of C.I.L. Mr. Goodacre, a 400-metre hurdler, was eliminated in the second heat. Mr. Lucht, who is 6 ft. 7 in. tall, had the bad luck to sprain an ankle in his final training run with the Canadian basketball team, and pain forced him to retire in the final against Russia.



Through the war years M. Clément and his colleagues somehow, despite the severance of all lifelines with the parent company, contrived to keep Fermeture Eclair intact and operational. The constant post-war improvement of its fastener manufacturing processes and techniques, production and sales has been a triumph for Raymond Clément and his team, as also has the success which they have made of aviation products manufactured under licence from Marston Excelsior.

Fortunately his friends on both sides of the Channel—and indeed the Atlantic, for there are many, too, in the fastener world of U.S.A. and Canada—will continue to maintain contact with M. Clément, who remains on the Fermeture Eclair board. All our good wishes go to him and to his successor as President and Director General—Mr. D. C. Robertson of I.C.I. (France) S.A.

I.C.I.A.N.Z.

1956 Olympic Games

Twelve I.C.I.A.N.Z. people were involved in the Olympic Games held at Melbourne last November. Two, cyclist Jim Nevin and hurdler Geoffrey Goodacre, participated as competitors, and the others, including one woman, in various official capacities. Twenty-five-year-old Jim Nevin, a graduate of Melbourne University, is a maintenance engineer at Yarraville chemical factory, Melbourne. He was also a member of Australia's road cycling team of the 1952 Games at Helsinki. Following the Games he spent three years in England, working first at Castner-Kellner Works, Runcorn, and then at Billingham.

Hurdler Geoffrey Goodacre is a clerk in the general accounts office at Botany chemical factory. He represented Australia in the 1950 Empire Games held in New Zealand, where he was placed third in the 400 metres hurdles.

Several I.C.I.A.N.Z. products were featured in the Olympics. Yarraville factory supplied all the chlorine

needed for purifying the water in the new, ultra-modern Olympic swimming pool. 'Visqueen' film was used to mask the wooden track of the new high-speed cycling velodrome before it was coated with a two-inch skin of concrete to meet Olympic cycling requirements. Ammunition factory produced a special new shotgun cartridge to coincide with the Games. The cartridge was specially made to Olympic specifications and approved by Olympic officials.

★ ★ ★

OUR NEXT ISSUE

Last autumn the Editor took a special trip to Canada to visit the plants and sales offices of Canadian Industries Ltd., Canada's biggest chemical company, in which I.C.I. is the controlling shareholder. Sir Richard spent nearly three weeks in Canada on a coast-to-coast journey, during which he also found time to visit the new uranium mines at Blind River in Ontario, where British capital is being heavily invested. The Editor's story of his trip, together with a survey of the economic background against which C.I.L.'s future must be viewed, is illustrated with some particularly fine colour photographs.

To balance these rather weighty and inevitably serious articles are two that make easier reading. Walter Boag of Nobel Division writes about that extraordinarily popular sport, pigeon racing; and Francis Ashton of Jealott's Hill Research Station writes about the pleasures of yachting under the title "Call of the Running Tide."



Callum McLean

By J. M. Cunningham

Illustrated by A. R. Whitear

THE man who best personified to me all that is implied in the phrase "Highland gentleman" was Callum McLean. For most of the year he was a crofter in the remoter part of the north end of the Island of Skye. But in the summer he left his croft to the care of his wife and two daughters and travelled south to the Clyde, where for four months he worked as a seaman on one of the Clyde steamers. It was there that I met Callum and fell victim to his Highland charm. It was traditional, and still is, that the assistant pursers on the steamers during the summer are found among university students on vacation. For three idyllic summers I spent my time sailing amidst the glorious scenery of the Clyde estuary.

There were many other attractions in addition to the scenery. Callum was not the only one from the North. Nearly all the seamen came from the Hebrides—from Harris, Uist or some other remote spot. There was endless delight to be had from the company of these big, soft-spoken, incredibly healthy-looking men. They all had a quiet and reserve about them despite their friendliness and their great capacity for enjoying themselves. They were the most likeable set of men I have ever encountered. They seemed free from the contamination of the city. You associated them not with smoke and dirt but with heather and clear-running rivers.

Among these men, each a character in his own right, Callum McLean stood out—the character par excellence. He was a tall man, probably around six feet; but the impression he gave was of being broad, almost round, rather than high. It was impossible to tell what age he was; he might have been anything from 40 to 60. His face was an overgrown cherub's; round, shiny, pink and smiling—like Santa Claus without his beard.

He was Father Christmas in a sailor's cap and blue jersey.

He was known throughout the estuary not only to the crews of the steamers and regular passengers. He impressed his personality on the most casual of trippers. Callum was always ready to speak to anyone, and the passengers were only too pleased to strike up a conversation. The captain, the mate, and certainly the assistant purser, were small fry beside him. Callum was remembered long after the others were forgotten. He was never condescending—he would not know how to be—but you had the feeling of having been done a favour after a few words with Callum. Perhaps it was his sincerity and the genuine interest he took in what you had to say.

Like most of his kind, he appeared slow in nearly all he did—slow, but certain and completely sure of himself. He talked slowly in the beautiful soft, lilting accent of the north-west Highlands—surely the most attractive of all dialects. Callum thought in Gaelic, and in rare moments of excitement the translation would fail him and he would lapse into that language; and he was far from slow in it. He accepted English as necessary, but made no compromise when it came to singing. Callum dearly loved the songs of the Hebrides and was often to be found singing happily to himself.

I do not know for how many years Callum had spent his summers on the Clyde or whether it had taken a long time for him to become the consummate seaman he undoubtedly was. He was recognised as one of the finest helmsmen in the fleet. He had the tricky business of taking a pier in an onshore wind judged to a frightening nicety. He was also a master of the most difficult art of throwing a heaving line from ship to pier.

It was a great experience to watch Callum in action.



"He would trail the rope in the sea, slowly coil it in neat symmetrical loops . . . then with a quick full-arm action the line would snake, straight as a die, to the waiting pier-hand"

With a heavy sea running, the ship rapidly falling away from the pier and the skipper frantic on the bridge, Callum, with the vital bow rope, never let himself be flustered. His deliberation seemed mere provocation. He would trail the rope in the sea, slowly coil it in neat symmetrical loops, carefully transfer half the coils from his left to his right hand, size up the distance, the wind strength and the roll of the ship. Then with a quick full-arm action the line would snake, straight as a die, to the waiting pier-hand.

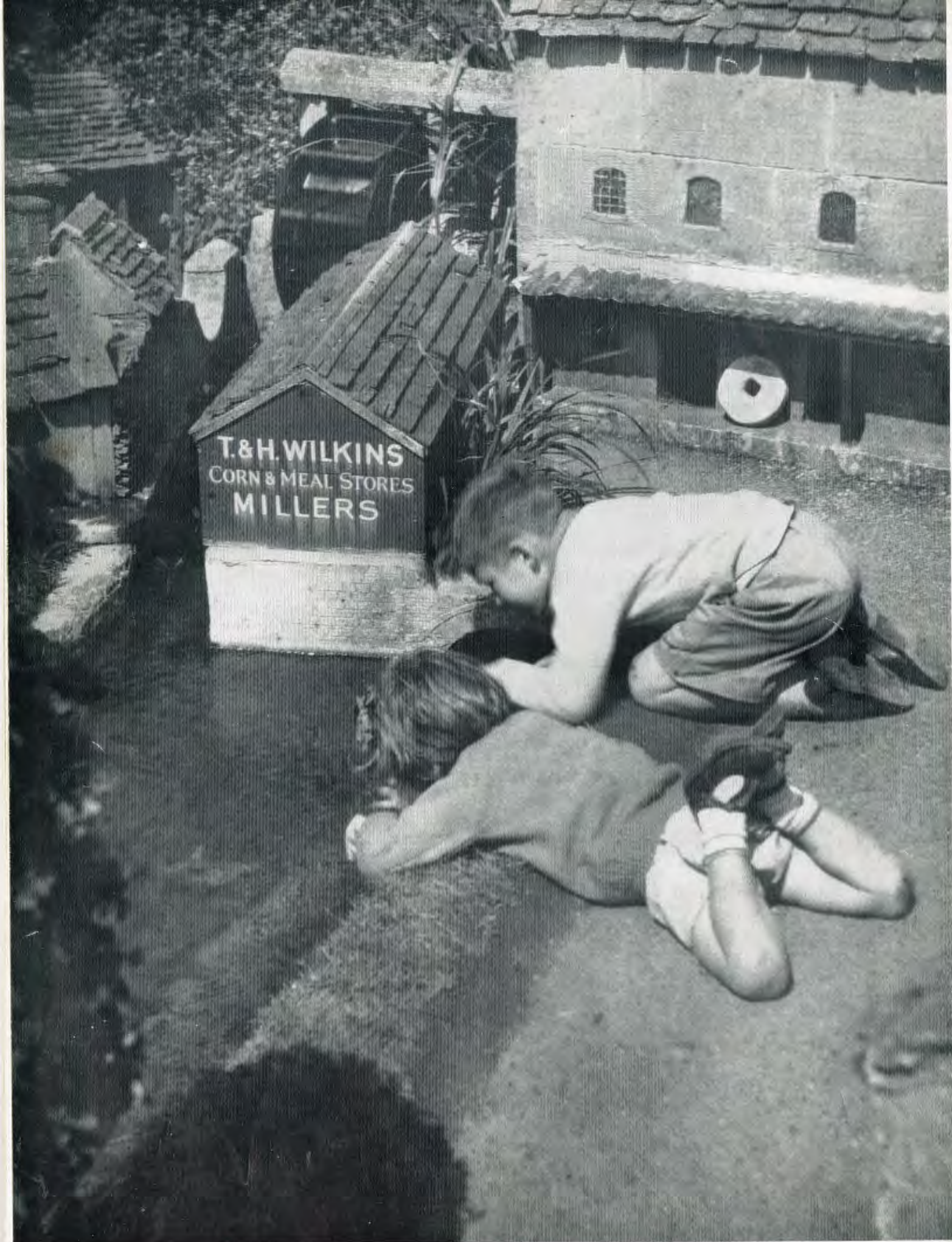
In an emergency Callum would excel himself. With complete confidence, and sometimes surprising speed, he would deal with any crisis—from a passenger's suitcase dropped in the sea to a snapped mooring rope in a southerly gale.

Callum, of course, had his weaknesses—or perhaps they were just the idiosyncrasies of genius. The mate, with a certain lack of charity, said Callum was just damned lazy. Among the not-too-arduous duties of the assistant purser was the checking, at one point of the voyage, of the tickets of all the passengers. This involved posting a seaman at various vantage points about the ship to prevent anyone slipping through into a part that had been already checked. The

lengths to which Callum would go to avoid this simple job were many.

If discovered, his excuses were marvels of invention. He would insist that he was just going to shave (this was most unlikely, as Callum very seldom shaved), or that it was his turn at the wheel, or that he was "chust doing a wee job for the mate, you know." The mate would usually be most surprised to learn this. Probably he had himself been looking for Callum for the past half-hour to see about the splicing of a new rope, another job at which Callum excelled. Nobody, however, bore him any malice—except the mate, who, because of professional etiquette, felt it was expected of him.

To see Callum at his best you had to go down to the fo'c'sle after the day's sailing was over. He missed his home, his family and his beloved Skye a great deal during those summer months, and in the evenings he sought solace in impromptu ceilidhs with his fellow exiles. The atmosphere was not so very different from what it would have been in Skye. Gathered round the stove, in the light of a paraffin lamp, they sang the Gaelic songs of life and work in the Western Isles. And Callum was the acknowledged leader.



Model Village

Photo by A. W. Caunt (Billingham Division)

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IMPKEMIX, LONDON.

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FROM
THE CHAIRMAN
(SIR ALEXANDER FLECK, K.B.E., F.R.S.)

NEW YEAR MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

My first words in this message to my colleagues of all ranks in I.C.I. are to thank them for all they have done in 1956 to make it the successful year it has been for us.

The chemical industry has had its difficulties during 1956: for those of us in I.C.I. we know that only persistent work has enabled us to maintain progress over the whole year.

As we look over the world at the end of 1956, there are few places where we can say that things are just as we would like them to be. In many places our nation is faced with grave problems that demand solution.

Despite this, I am sure that our Company's success will continue. Success means expansion. And to help to finance that expansion shareholders have been asked to subscribe a further £40 million. The response to the new issue shows that the general public are also confident of our future.

To my mind that operation shows that the Company is willing and able to face up to the problems ahead. While we cannot expect that 1957 will be an easy one for us either as individuals or as a Company, I am sure we shall surmount our difficulties.

That is my outlook on the Company's affairs as we enter 1957. It is therefore with good heart that I wish all readers a good New Year.

Alexander Fleck